

The background of the image is a complex marbled paper pattern. It features a dense, swirling design of organic, teardrop-like shapes. The color palette is primarily earthy, consisting of various shades of brown, tan, and gold, with occasional streaks of dark blue or black. The overall effect is a rich, textured, and visually busy surface.

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Accessions

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Received. May, 1873.

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1652
553 TEMPLE OF LOVE, a Masque, presented
by the Queenes Majesty and her Ladies at
Whitehall, on Shrove Tuesday, 1634, by Inigo
Jones, Surveyor of his Majesty's Workes, and
W. Davenant, her Majestie's Servant. 4to.
half-morocco, 1os. 6d.

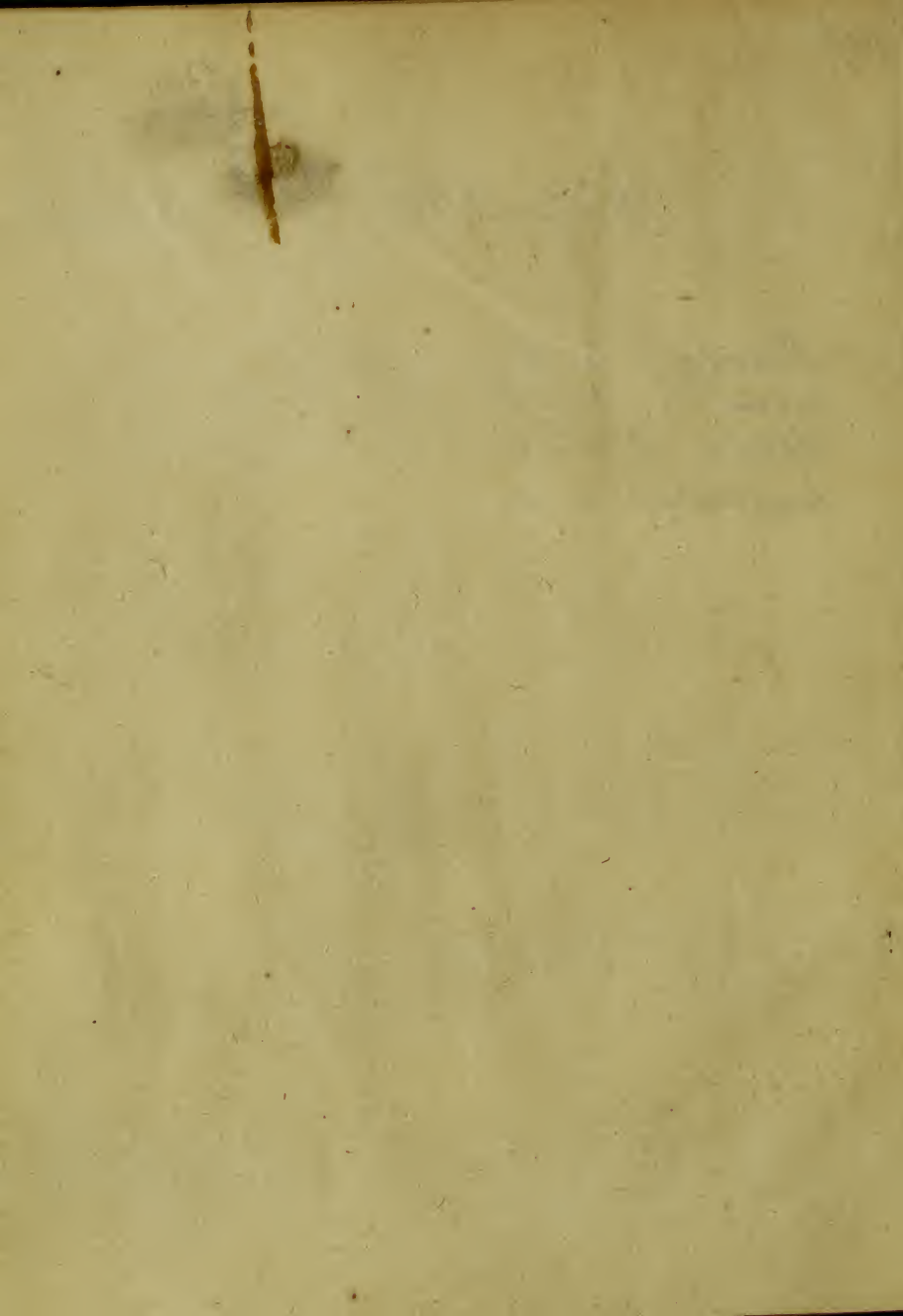
1634

J. R. Smith,
No. 42, 1860.

18/6.

McLashitt.

Bromley. 4-6.
Godwinston. 8-0
Rhodes. 1-1-0.
Thorpe (1842) 2-2-0.



THE
TEMPLE
OF
LOVE.

A Masque.

Presented by the QUEENES Ma-
jesty, and her Ladies, at *White-hall* on
Shrove-Tuesday, 1634.

By *Inigo Jones*, Surveyour of his Majesties
Workes; and *William Davenant*, her Ma-
jesties Servant.

LONDON:

Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his
Shop neare *White-hall*. 1634.

The Argument.

of the time when Indamora and her traine should arrive to effect this miracle; which though it seemes somewhat hard Doctrine to most young men, yet these being spirits of the highest ranke, forsaking the false Magicians and their allurements, were resolv'd to entertaine themselves to contemplate on this Apparition untill the coming of the glorious Indian Queen. At whose sight they being inspir'd with chaste flames might be permitted by their faithfull observance and legitimate affections to enter and enjoy the privileges of that sacred Temple. Then Divine Poesie sends Orpheus her chiefe Priest in a Barque (assisted by the Brachmani and Priests of the Temple, who meet him on the shores) to calme the Seas with his Harpe, that a maritime Chariot prepared by the Indian Sea-gods, might safer, and more swiftly convey them to achieve this Noble adventure; after whose landing having paid their Ceremonies by moving in harmonick and numerous figures, Sunesis and Thelema (which intimate the understanding and the will) joyning together, the true Temple appeares, and Chast Love descends to invoke the last and living Heroe (Indamora's royall Lover) that hee may helpe and witnesse the Consecration of it.

The

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

AT the lower end of the Banqueting-house, opposite to the State, was a Stage of six foot high, and on that was raised an Ornament of a new Invention agreeable to the Subject; consisting of Indian Trophees: on the one side upon a basement sat a naked Indian on a whitish Elephant, his legges shorning towards the necke of the beast, his tire and bases of severall coloured feathers, representing the Indian Monarchy: On the other side an Asiaticque in the habit of an Indian border, riding on a Camell; his Turbant and Coat differing from that of the Turkes, figured for the Asian Monarchy: over these hung sheild like Compartiments: In that over the Indian was painted a Sunne rising, and in the other an halfe Moone; these had for finishing the Capitall of a great pillaster, which served as a ground to sticke them of, and bore up a large freeze or border with a Coronice. In this over the Indian lay the figure of an old man, with a long white haire and beard, representing the flood *Tigris*; on his head a wreath of Canes and Seage, and leaning upon a great Vrne, out of which runne water, by him in an extravagant posture stood a Tyger.

At the other end of this freeze lay another naked man, representing *Meander*, the famous River of Asia, who likewise had a great silver urne, and by him lay an Vnicorne.

In the midst of this border was fixed a rich Compartiment,

The Temple of Love.

ment, behind which was a crimson Drapery part of it borne up by naked Children tack'd up in severall pleats, and the rest was at each end of the Freeze tyed with a great knot, and from thence hung downe in foulds to the bottome of the pedestalls: In the midst of this Compartment in an Ovall was written *TEMPLVM AMORIS*: all these figures were in their naturall colours bigger than the life, and the Compartiments of Gold.

A Curtaine flying up the first Sceane was discover'd, in which appeared a spacious grove of shady trees; and a farre off on a mount with a winding way to the top was seated a pleasant bower environed with young trees, and in the lower part walkes planted with Cy-presses, representing the place where the Soules of the Ancient Poets are fained to reside: the delight of this prospect was quickly diverted to the sight of a more strange apparition; for, out of the heaven by little and little broke forth a great Cloud of a Rosie Colour, which being come downe some little way beganne to open, and in it was seene sitting a beautifull woman; her garment was Sky-colour set all with Starres of gold, her head was crowned with Laurell, with a spangled vaile hanging downe behind, and her haire in artificiall curles graciously dress'd, representing *Divine Poesie*, and by her a milke white Swanne, as she descends singing out of those venerable shades came forth a company of ancient Greeke Poets, as *Demodocus, Pæminus, Homer, Hesiod, Terpander, and Sapho* a Poetesse in habits varied and of severall colours, with laurell wreaths on their heads. *Divine Poesie* sung this:

Divine

The Temple of Love.

Divine Poësie.

(1.)

As chearefull as the Mornings light,
Comes Indamora from above,
To guide those Lovers that want sight,
To see and know what they should love.

(2.)

Her beames into each breast will steale,
And search what ev'ry Heart doth meane,
The sadly wounded shee will heale,
And make the foully tainted cleane.

(3.)

Rise you, from your darke shades below,
That first gave words an harmony,
And made false Love in Numbers flow,
'Till vice became a mysterie.

(4.)

And when I've purifi'd that Ayre
To which Death turn'd you long agoe,
Helpe with your voyces to declare
What Indamora comes to show.

The Poets.

Soule of our Science ! how inspir'd we come ?
By thee restor'd to voyces that lay dumbe,
And lost in many a forgotten Tombe.

D. Poësie.

The Temple of Love.

D. Poësie.

*T'are spirits all; and have so long
From flesh, and frailty absent bin,
That sure though Love should fill your song,
It could not relish words of sinne.*

The Poets.

*Vex not our sad remembrance with our shame!
We have bin punish'd for ill-gotten fame,
For each loose verse, tormented with a flame.*

D. Poësie.

*Descend then, and become with me,
The happy Organs to make knowne
In an harmonious Embassie,
Our great affaire to yonder Throne.*

Shee being descended to the ground in a Majesticke pace, goes up to the State, attended by the fore-named Poets; and the Cloud that brought her downe, closeth as it ascends.

D. Poësie.

*Thou Monarch of mens hearts rejoyce!
So much thou art belov'd in heaven,
That Fate hath made thy reigne her choyce,
In which Love's blessings shall be given.*

The Poets.

*Truth shall appeare, and rule 'till she resists
Those subtle charmes, and melts those darker mists,
In which Lowe's Temple's hid from Exorcists.*

D. Poësie.

The Temple of Love.

D. Poësie.

*Those Magi that with pleasant Arts
To their false Temple led of yore
The noblest youth, with'ring their Hearts
With lustfull thoughts, shall be no more.*

The Poets.

*For Indamora with her beauties light,
The truer Temple shall restore to sight,
The false shall be obscur'd in endlesse Night.*

The Song after they have retir'd (playing on)
their Instruments) by the Chorus
of Poets.

(1.)

*Take leave now of thy heart,
The beauty thou shalt straight surway
Will tempt it to depart
Thy royall breast, and melt away.
Yet when she finds thy breast is empty growne,
In just remorse shee'll fill it with her owne,
So neither heart can mourne, or stray.*

(2.)

*Backe to our shades we goe;
But see how heavily we move!
Alas! their feet are slow,
That leave the Object which they love.
Our dwelling is beneath, but those whose Bayes
Is chastely earn'd in thy corrected dayes,
Shall after death reside above.*

B

After

The Temple of Love.

After this, *Divine Poesie*, and the Poets retire, and goe forth; then the whole Sceane changeth into mist and Clouds, through which some glimpse of a Temple is here and there scarcely discern'd.

The entry of the Magicians.

Out of hollow Caves from underground come forth three Magicians, one more eminent than the rest, their habits of strange fashions, denoting their qualities, and their persons deformed.

(1.) Tell me, thou wise Protector of our Art,
Why dost thou walke with such a hideous brow?
Darknesse, and Clouds doe hover o're thine eyes;
Thou look'st as thou hadst suck'd the vapor of
A poyl'nous Fenne, till it has made thee drunke;
There's venom'd foame about thy lips.

(2.) Is thy belov'd
Old witch, dead and entomb'd? or hast thou heard
Ill newes from hell? Does the grand fiend
Chaîne up thy spirits from thy use? Speake, Art
Thou not within thy Circle still a Sovereigne Prince?
When thou dost lift with magicke power thy white
Inchanted Scepter thus; doe not the thinne
Unbodied people bow and obey?

(3.) O the Temple of Love! the mists that hid,
And to reserv'd it from our sinfull use,
(Whilst we seduc'd the more voluptuous race
Of men, to give false worship in our owne) must be
Dispell'd! this is the sad ill newes; and it
Is come from heaven! A siddling Deity

(Whom

The Temple of Love.

(Whom forsooth *Divine Poésie* they stile)
This morne proclaim'd it from a falling Cloud.

(2.) Who? *Divine Poésie*?

(3.) I know her well.

Shee's one that makes the holy Jiggas,
And sacred Catches for the gods, when they
Are merry with mis-takes of men, and laugh
To see us carelesse of their punishment.

(1.) But who shall bring this mischiefe to our Art?

(3.) *Indamora*, the delight of Destiny!

Shee, and the beauties of her Traine: who sure
Though they discover Summer in their looks,
Still carry frozen Winter in their blood.
They raise strange doctrines, and new sects of Love:
Which must not wooe or court the Person, but
The Mind; and practise generation not
Of Bodies but of Soules.

(2.) Belceve me, my Magicall friends,
They must bring bodies with 'em that worship
In our pleasant Temple: I have an odde
Fantasticke faith perswades me there will be
Little pastime upon earth without Bodies.
Your Spirit's a cold Companion at midnight.

(1.) Have we so long misse-led and entertain'd
The youthfull of the world, (I meane their bodies)
And now doe they betake themselves unto
The dull imaginary pleasures of
Their soules? This humor cannot last.

(2.) If it should, we may rid our Temple
Of all our Persian Quilts, imbroyder'd Couches;
And our standing Beds; these (I take it) are
Bodily implements; our soules need 'em not.

The Temple of Love.

But where shall this new Sect be planted first ?

(3.) In a dull Northerne Ile, they call Britaine.

(2.) Indeed 'tis a cold Northerly opinion;

And I'l lay my life begot since their late

Great Frosts. It will be long enough e're it

Shall spread, and prosper in the South ! Or if

The Spaniard or Italian ever be

Perswaded out of the use of their bodies,

I'l give mine to a Raven for his Supper.

(3.) The Miracle is more increas'd, in that

It first takes birth and nourishment in Court.

(2.) But my good damn'd friend tell me ? Is there not

One Courtier will resent the cause, and give

Some countenance to the affaires of the body ?

(3.) Certain yong Lords at first disliked the Phylosophy

As most uncomfortable, sad, and new ;

But soone inclin'd to a superior vote,

And are growne as good Platonicall Lovers :

As are to be found in an Hermitage, where he

That was borne last, reckons above fourescore.

To these come foorth in hast another Magician, in
shape and habit differing from the other, and spake as
followeth.

(1.) Here comes a brother of our misticke Tribe !

(3.) He knowes th'occasion of our grieffe, and by

His hast imports discoveries more strange !

(4.) Newes ! newes ! my sad companions of the shade !

There's lately landed on our fatall shore

Nine Persian youths, their habit and their looks

So smooth, that from the pleasures i'th Elisian fields

Each female ghost will come, and enter in

Their flesh againe, to make embraces warme.

The Temple of Love.

(2.) I hope these are no Platonick Lovers,
No such Carthusian Poets as doe write
Madrigals to the mind? more of thy newes!

(4.) The rest inferres small joy, and little hope:
For though at first their youth and eager thoughts
Directed them where our gay Altar stood,
And they were ready too for sacrifice,
I cannot tell what lucklesse light inform'd
Their eyes, but Loves true Temple straight they spy'd
Through the ascending mists, and would have enter'd it
To read grave frosty Homilies,
And Anticke lawes of Chastitie, but that
(As my swift Spirit brought me word) a voyce
Sent from within bad them with reverence
Desist till *Indamora* did appeare, for then
The gates would open, and the mists dry up:
That thus conceal'd it from the generall view,
Which now their expectation doth attend.

(3.) 'Tis time to wake our drowsie Art, and try
If we have power to hinder Destinie.
Mount! mount! our charmes! fetch me, whilst you aspire,
A Spirit of the Element of fire!

(2.) Me one of Ayre! (1.) The water me supplies!

(4.) Mine from the center of the earth shall rise!

(3.) These shall infuse their sev'ral qualities
In men; if not t'uphold the faction of
The flesh, yet to infect the queasie age
With blacker sinnes: If we (now we have joyn'd
The force of all the Elements t'assist
The horror of our will) shall not prevaile
Against this hum'rous vertue of the Time,
Nature, our weaknesse must be thought thy crime.

The Temple of Love.

(2.) To these I'll adde a feēt of moderne Divels;
Fine precise Fiends, that heare the devout close
At ev'ry vertue but their owne, that claime
Chambers and Tenements in heaven, as they
Had purchas'd there, and all the Angels were
Their harbingers. With these I'll vex the world.

(3.) 'Tis well design'd! Thanks to thy courteous Art!
Let's murmure softly in each others eare,
And those we first invok'd, will straight appeare!
Enough! they come! to'th woods let's take our flight,
We have more dismall businesse yet e're night.

The Antimasque of the Spirits.

1. Entry.

The fiery Spirits all in flames, and their vizards of a
Cholericke Complexion.

The Airy Spirits with sanguine vizards, their gar-
ments and Caps all of feathers.

The Watery Spirits were all over wrought with
scales, and had fishes heads and finnes.

The Earthy Spirits had their garments wrought all
over with leavelosse trees and bushes, with Serpents and
other little Animals here and there about them, and on
their heads barren rockes.

2. Entry.

Brought in by the fiery Spirits, were deboshit and
quarrelling men with a loose Wench amongst them.

The Temple of Love.

3. and 4. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Ayre, were of amorous men and women in ridiculous habits and Alchimists.

5. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Water, were drunken Dutch skippers.

6. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Earth, were Witches, Usurers, and Fooles.

7. Entry.

Was of a Moderne Divell, a sworne enemy of Poetic, Musicke, and all ingenious Arts, but a great friend to murmuring, libelling, and all seeds of discord, attended by his factious followers; all which was exprest by their habits and dance.

After these was an entry of three Indians of quality, of *Indamora's* traine in severall strange habits, and their dance as strange.

All these Antimasques being past, the Noble Persian youths make their entry, apparelled in Asian Coats of Sea-greene embroydered that reached downe above their knees, with buttons and loops before, and cut up square to their hips, and returned downe with two short skirts; the sleeves of this Coat were large without seame,

seame, and cut short to the bending of the Arme, and hanging downe long behinde, trimm'd with buttons as those of the breast; out of this came a sleeve of white Sattin embroydered, and a Basis answerable to this sleeve, hung downe in gathering underneath the shortest part of their Coat; on their heads Persian Turbants silver'd underneath, and wound about with white Cypresse, and one fall of a white feather before.

Their Dance ended, the mist and Clouds at an instant disappare, and the Sceane is all changed into a Sea somewhat calme, where the billowes moving sometimes whole, and sometimes breaking, beat gently on the land, which represented a new and strange prospect; the nearest part was broken grounds and Rockes, with a mountainous Countrey, but of a pleasant Aspect, in which weretrees of strange forme and Colour, and here and there were placed in the bottome severall Arbors like Cottages, and strange beasts and birds, farre unlike the Countrey of these parts, expressing an Indian Landschape: In the Sea were severall Islands, and a farre off a Continent terminating with the Horrizon.

Out of a Creeke came waving forth a Barque of a gracious Antiquedesigne, adorn'd with Sculpture finishing in Scrowles, that on the poope had for Ornament a great Masque head of a Sea-god; and all the rest enrich'd with embossh'd worke touch'd with silver and gold. In the midst of this Barque sat *Orpheus* with his Harpe, he wore a white robe girt, on his shoulders was (tyed with a knot) a mantle of Carnation, and his head crowned with a lawrell garland: with him, other persons in habits of Sea-men as pilots and guiders of the Barque,

The Temple of Love.

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A Persian Page comes leaping in.

HEy ! hey ! how light I am ? all soule within ?
As my dull flesh, were melted through my skinne?
And though a Page, when landed on this shore,
I now am growne a briske Ambassadour!

The Temple of Love.

From Persian Princes too, and each as fierce
A Lover, as did ever sigh in verse!
Give audience then, you Ladies of this Ile!
Lord how you lift your fannes up now, and smile!
To thinke (forsooth) they are so fond to take
So long a journey for your beauties sake!
For know, th'are come! but sure, e're they returne,
Will give your femallships some cause to mourne!
For I must tell you, that about them all
There's not one graine, but what's Platonicall!
So bashfull that I thinke they might be drawne
(Like you) to weare close Hoods, or vailes of Lawne.
My Master is the chiefe that doth protect,
Or (as some say) misse-lead this precise sect:
One heretofore that wisely could confute
A Lady at her window with his Lute.
There devoutly in a cold morning stand
Two howres, praying the snow of her white hand;
So long, 'till's words were frozen 'twene his lips;
And's Lute-strings learnt their quav'ring from his hips.
And when he could not rule her to's intent,
Like *Tarquin* he would proffer ravishment.
But now, no feare of Rapes, untill he find
A maydenhead belonging to the mind.
The rest are all so modest too, and pure,
So virginly, so coy, and so demure,
That they retreat at kissing, and but name
Hymen, or Love, they blush for very shame!
Ladies! I must needs laugh! you'le give me leave
I hope; and 'tisto thinke how you deceive
Your selves with all this precious art, and care
Tane in your glasse to dresse your lookes, and haire!

When

When (in good faith!) they heed no outward merit,
But fervently resolve to wooe the Spirit!
Hah! doe you all looke melancholy uow?
And cast a Cloud of anger o're the brow?
'Tis time to flye, and my best swiftnesse use,
Lest kill'd with pinnes, and Bodkins for my newes.

The Page retires, and the Noble Persian youths make their entry, apparelled in Asian Coats of Sea-green embroidered that reached downe above their knees, with buttons and loops before and cut up square to their hips, and returned downe with two short skirts; the sleeves of this Coat were large without seame, and cut short to the bending of the Arme, and hanging downe long behinde, trimm'd with buttons as those of the breast; out of this came a sleeve of white Sattin embroidered, and the Basis answerable to the sleeve, hung downe in gathering underneath the shortest part of their Coat; on their heads they wore Persian Turbants silver'd underneath, and wound about with white Cypresse, and one fall of a white feather before.

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The Temple of Love.

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crowned with a lawrell garland: with him, other per-
sons in habits of Sea-men as pilots and guiders of the
Barque, he playing one straine was answered with the
voyces and instruments of the *Brachmani* joyn'd with
the Priests of the Temple of Love, in extravagant ha-
bits sorting to their titles: whilst this Barque moved
gently on the Sea, heaving and setting, and sometimes
rowling, arriv'd neare to the further shore, it turn'd and
return'd to the port from whence it came.

The Song of the *Brachmani*, in answer to *Orpheus* his Harpe,

(1.)

Hearke! *Orpheus* is a *Sea-man* growne,
No winds of late have rudely blowne,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance!
His Harpe hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconcil'd,
The waves are sooth'd into a dance.

The Temple of Love.

(2.)

See how the list'ning Dolphins play!
And willingly mistake their way,
As when they heard Arions straines!
Whom once their scaly Ancestor,
Conway'd upon his backe to shore,
And tooke his musicke for his paines.

(3.)

Wee Priests that burne Loves Sacrifice,
Our Orpheus greet with ravish'd eyes;
For by this calmenesse we are sure,
His Harpe doth now prepare the way,
That Indamora's voyage may
Be more delightfull, and secure.

(4.)

And now th' enchanted mists shall cleare,
And Loves true Temple straight appeare,
(Long hid from men by sacred power,)
Where Noble Virgins still shall meet,
And breath their Orizons, more sweet
Than is the Springs ungather'd flower.

The Barque having taken port, the Masquers appeare in a Maritime Chariot made of a spungie Rockstufte mixt with Shells, Sea-weeds, Corral, and Pearle, borne upon an Axletree with golden wheeles without a rimme with flat spokes like the blade of an Ore comming out of the Naves. This Chariot was drawne by Sea-monsters, and floated with a sweet motion in the Sea:

The Temple of Love.

Indamora Queene of Narfinga fate enthron'd in the highest part of this Chariot, in a rich seat, the backe of which was a great Skallop Shell. The habit of the Masquers was of Isabella Colour, and Watchet, with Bases in large paines cut through, all over richly embroyder'd with silver, and the dressing of their heads was of silver, with small falls of white feathers tipp'd with Watchet. This sight thus moving on the water, was accompanied with the musicke and voyces of the *Chorus*.

(1.)

SHe comes! each Princeesse in her traine hath all
That wise enamor'd Posts, beauty call!
So fit and ready to subdue:
That had they not kind hearts which take a care
To free, and counsell, whom their eyes ensnare,
Poore Lovers would have cause to rue.

(2.)

More welcomethan the wandring Sea-mans starre,
When in the Night the Winds make causelesse warre,
Vntill his Barque so long is tost,
That's sayles toraggés are blowne, the Maine-yard beares
Not sheet enough to wipe, and dry those teares
He shed to see his Rudder lost.

The Song ended, all the forepart of the Sea was in an instant turn'd to dry land, and *Indamora* with her Contributory Ladies descended into the roome, and made their entry. Then for entermedium the Musicke began againe, and sung this Song.

The

The Temple of Love.

The Song.

(1.)

THe Planets thought they move so fast,
Have power to make their swiftnesse last,
But see, your strength is quickly gone!
Yet move by sense and rules of Art,
And each hath an immortal part,
Which cannot tire, but they have none.

(2.)

Let then your soft, and nimble feet
Lead and in various figures meet
Those stranger Knights, whotough they came
Seduc'd at first by false desire,
You'll kindle in their breasts a fire
Shall keepe Love warme, yet not enflame.

(3.)

At first they were your beauties prize,
Now offer willing sacrifice
Vnto the Vertues of the minde,
And each shall weare when they depart,
A lawfull though a loving heart,
And wish you still both strict and kinde.

The Masquers having a while reposed, danced their second Dance, which ended, and the Queene being seated under the State by the King, the Sceane was changed into the true Temple of Chast Love; this Temple instead of Columnes had termes of young Satyrs bearing

The Temple of Love;

ring up the returns of Architrave Freeze and Cornice, all enrich'd of Gold-smiths worke, the further part of the Temple running farre from the eye was design'd of another kind of Architecture, with Pillasters, Neeches, and Statues; and in the midst a stately gate adora'd with Colomns and their Ornaments, and a Frontispice on the top, all which seem'd to bee of burnish'd gold. Into this Temple enters *Sunesis* and *Thelema*; *Sunesis* a man of a noble Aspect, and richly attir'd; his garment of Cloth of gold reaching downe below his knees, and girt with a tucke at the wast, with wide sleeves turn'd up; his mantle of Watchet fastned on both shoulders, and hanging downe long behind, a garland of Sinope on his head, with a flame of fire issuing out of it, his Buskins were yellow, wrought with gold. *Thelema* a young woman in a Robe of changeable silke girt with severall tuckes, under her breast, and beneath her wast, and great leaves of silver about her shoulders hanging downe to the midst of her Arme; upon her head a garland of great Marigolds, and puffs of silver'd Lawne betweene. And at her shoulders were Angels wings, these sung this Dialogue, assisted by the *Chori*.

The Song.

Sunesis and Thelema.

Sunesis.

Come meet thy soule in mine, that when unite,
We may become one virtuous appetite.

Thelema.

The Temple of Love.

Thelema.

*First breath thine into me, thine is the part
More heavenly, and doth more adorne the heart.*

Both.

*Thus mix'd, our love will ever be discreet,
And all our thoughts and actions pure,
When perfect Will, and strengthened Reason meet,
Then Love's created to endure.*

Chorus.

*Were Heaven more distant from us, we would strive
To reach't with Pray'rs to make this Union thrive.*

Whilst this Song continued, there came softly downe from the highest part of the heaven a bright and transparent Cloud, which being come to the middle part of the Ayre it opened, and out of it came *Amianteros*, or Chast Love flying downe, clad all in Carnation and White, and two garlands of Laurell in one hand, and crown'd with another of the same; whilst he descended the Cloud closeth againe and returnes upwards, and is hidden in the heavens; Chast Love being come downe to the earth, was accompanied by *Sunesis* and *Thelema*, *Divine Poesie*, *Orpheus*, and the rest of the Poets up to the State, the great *Chorus* following at a distance, where they sung this Song.

The Song.

Amianteros, or Chast Love.

(1.)

V.V *Hilft by a mixture thus made one,
T'are th' Emblome of my Deitie,*

D

And

The Temple of Love.

And now you may in yonder Throne,
The patterne of your Union see.

(2.)

Softly as fruitfull showres I fall,
And th' undiscern'd increase I bring,
Is of more precious worth than all
A plenteous Summer payes a Spring.

(3.)

The benefit it doth impart,
Will not the barren earth improve,
But fructifie each barren heart,
And give eternall growth to Love.

Sunefis.

To CHARLES the mightiest and the best,
And to the Darling of his breast,
(Who rule b' example as by power)
May youthfull blessings still increase,
And in their Off-spring neuer cease,
Till Time's too old to last an hower.

Chorus.

These wishes are so well deserv'd by thee,
And thought so modest too by Destinie,
That heaven hath seal'd the grant as a Decree.

After which they all retire to the Scaene, and *Indis-*
mora and her Ladies beginne the Revels with the King
and the Lords, which continue the most part of the
night. Thus ended this Masque which for the newnesse
of

The Temple of Lovs.

of the invention, variety of Sceanes, Apparitions, and richnesse of habits was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that hath beene done in England.

The Masquers Names.

The Queenes Majesty.

Lady Marquesse *Hamilton.*
Lady *Mary Herbert.*
Countesse of *Oxford.*
Countesse of *Berkshire.*
Countesse of *Carnarvan.*
Countesse of *Newport.*
Lady *Herbert.*

Lady *Katherine Howard.*
Lady *Anne Carre.*
Lady *Elizabeth Feilding.*
Lady *Thimbleby.*
Mistris *Dorothy Savage.*
Mistris *Victorie Cary.*
Mistris *Nevill.*

The Lords and others that presented the Noble Persian Youths.

The Duke of *Lenox.*
Eaile of *Newport.*
Earle of *Desmond.*
Viscount *Grandeson.*
Lord *Russell.*

Lord *Doncaster.*
Master *Thomas Weston.*
Master *George Goring.*
Master *Henry Murrey.*

F F N F S.

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THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY SECRETARY

LORDS OF THE TREASURY SECRETARY

1792

